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Born in Brule Lake Algonquin Park



by
Mary McCormick Pigeon

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Dear Readers . . .

In this year, 1993, the village of Brule has been gone for nearly 40 years; but Dr. Edmund Kase's cottage is still on the point on beautiful Brule Lake.

Most of you have not seen the village, so my book has many photos and you can picture the village which was my home for 21 years, 1912 - 1933. I hope you enjoy the views. Those snaps were all taken with a small Brownie box camera of the 1920's.

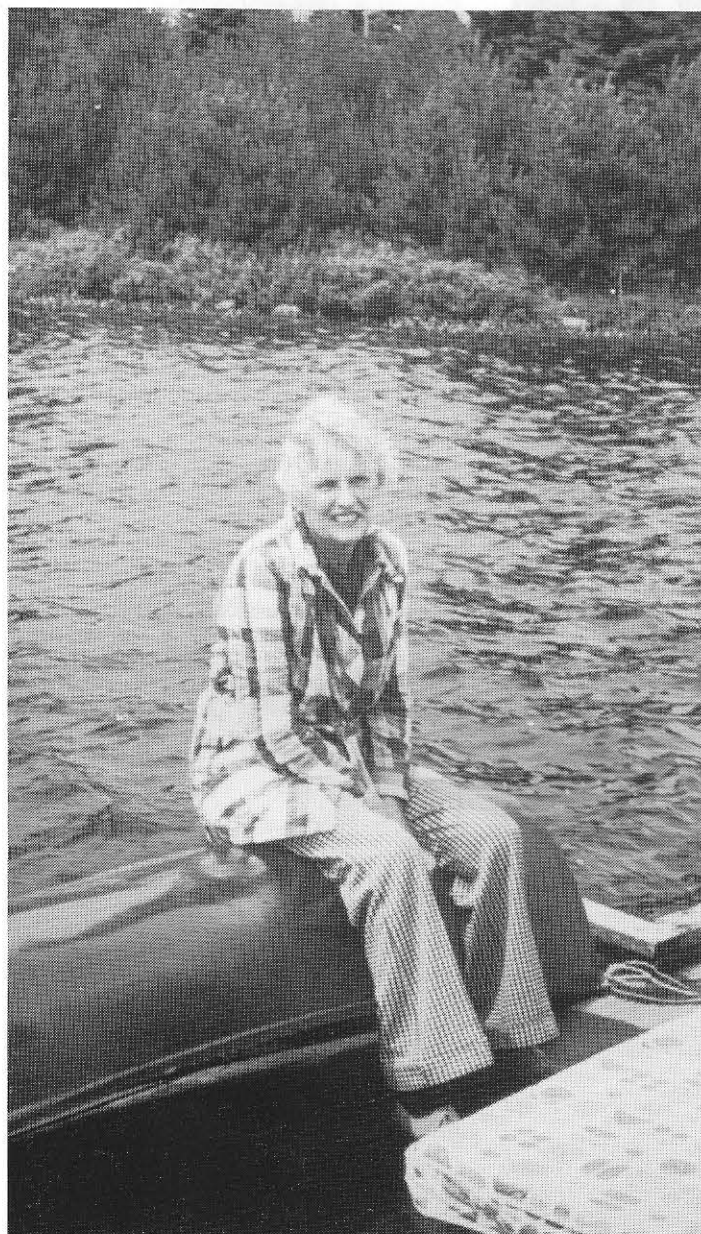




Come to these scenes of peace
at

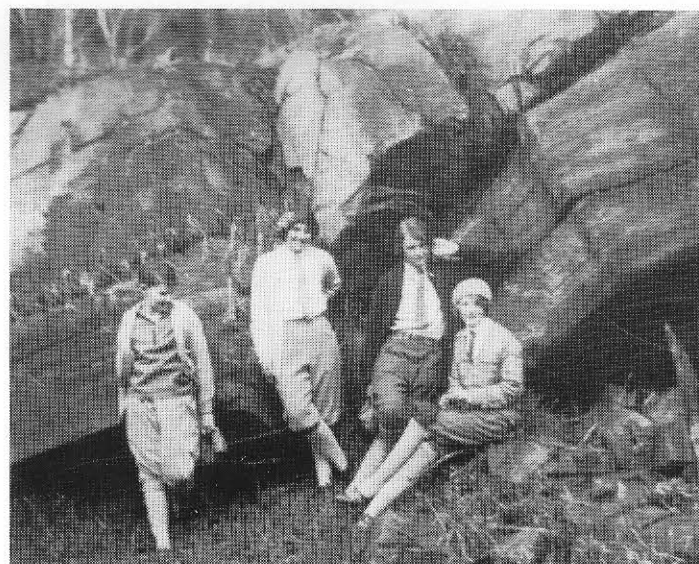
Brule Lake

For quiet happy days.



Mary McCormick Pigeon.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO			
FORM 26 THE VITAL STATISTICS ACT BIRTH CERTIFICATE			
NAME	McCORMICK, MARGARET MARY		
DATE OF BIRTH	MAY 13. 1912	SEX	F
PLACE OF BIRTH	BRULE LAKE, NIPISSING DIST.		
REGISTRATION	MAY 23. 1912	12-05-036174	
ISSUED AT TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA			
THE 17 DAY OF	APR. 19	53	
278656			
REGISTRAR GENERAL			



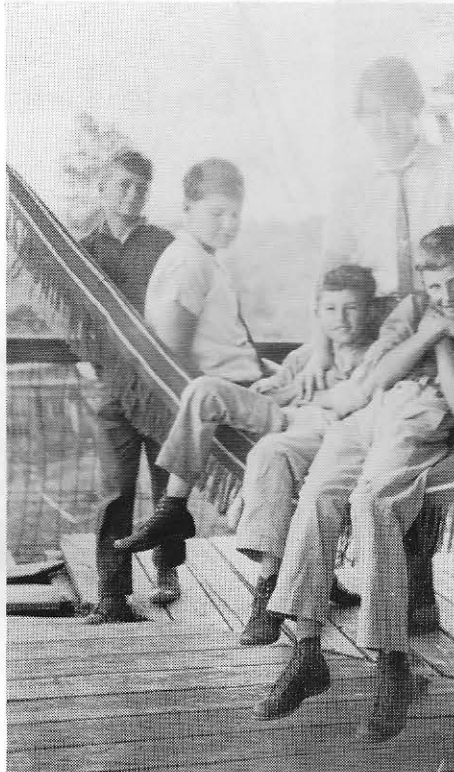
Helen, Teacher, Mary, Marion.

The McCormick Family

Brule Lake, Algonquin Park, Ontario



Father (Tom).



Roy, Helen, Tom, Mary, Irvine.



Mother (Bea).

Birthdays

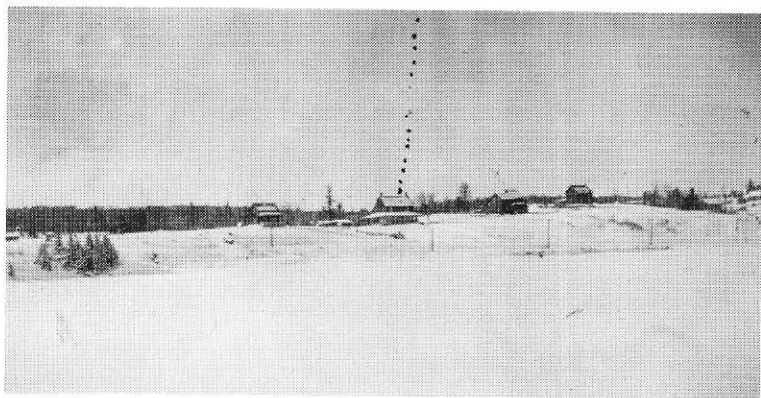
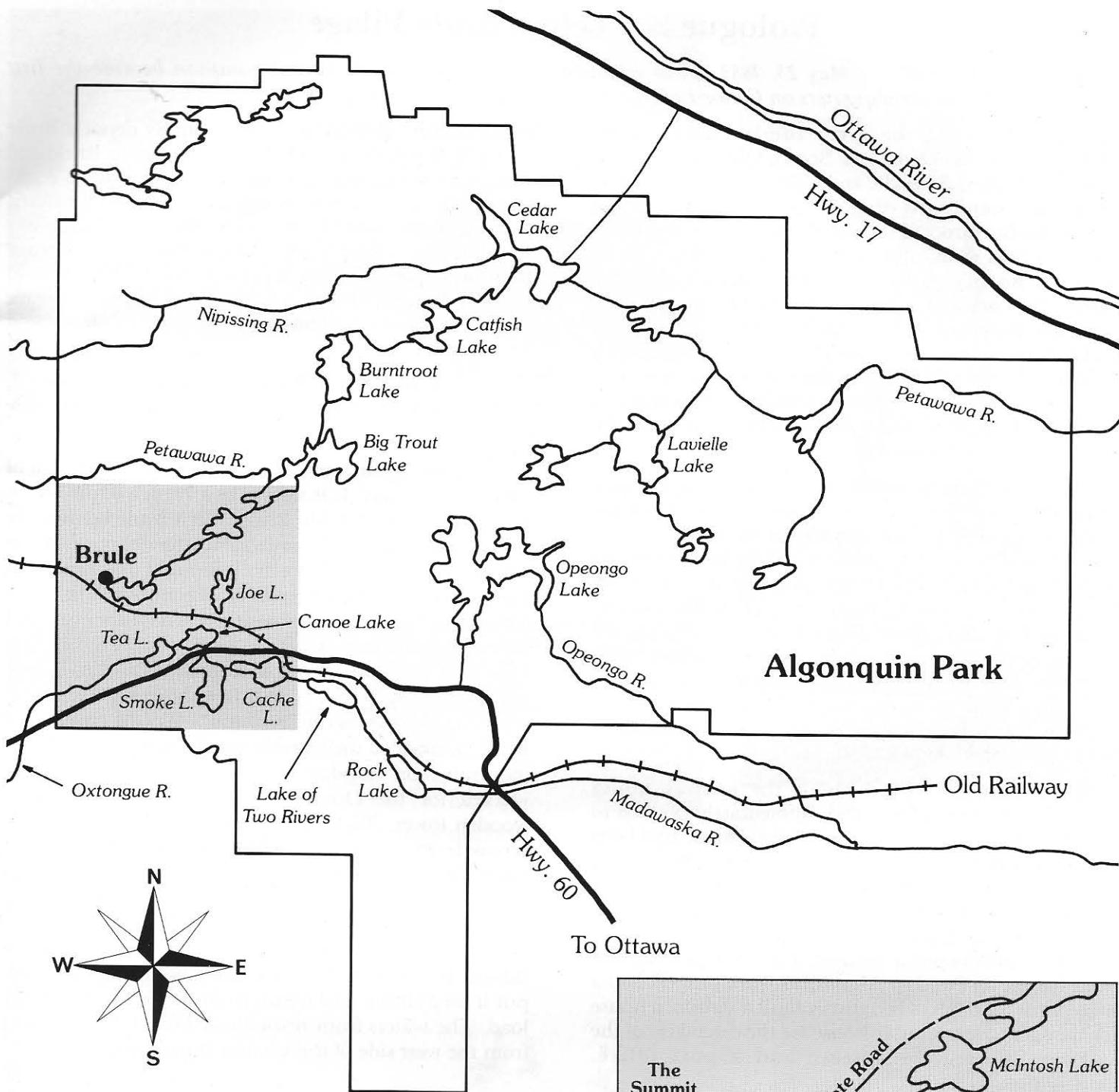
Mary	May 13, 1912
Helen	August 5, 1915
Roy	March 9, 1917
Irvine	September 23, 1918
Tom	February 21, 1920



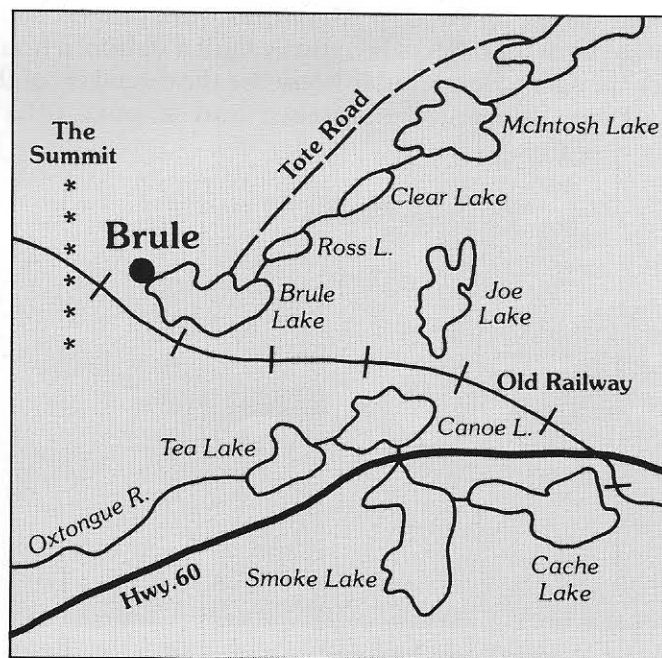
Grandfather.



Grandmother.



The McCormick's house (centre).



Prologue . . . before Brule Vilage

(Government Bill #107 . . . May 23, 1883 . . . to establish the Algonquin Park. Peter Thompson became the first superintendant with headquarters on Canoe Lake.)

Before this date the great lumber kings were: McLaughlin's, Arnprior; J.R. Booth, Ottawa; Barnett's, Renfrew; Gillies, Braeside; and Gilmor, Trenton. These companies were harvesting the timber in the White Trout, the Burntroot, Pine River and Cedar Lake areas. Barnett's logs were toted to Sundridge and by train to Renfrew. Booth's, Gillies and McLaughlin's used the "Drive" . . . across Cedar Lake to the Ottawa River to the mills; Booth's to Ottawa; McLaughlin's to Arnprior and Gillies to Braeside. Gilmor's were cutting at Canoe Lake but had trouble getting the logs to Trenton. The companies using the drive had a camboose on a crib . . . this carried the food and cooking area and around the edge were the men's bunks.

J.R. Booth, a great lumber king, was eyeing the area carefully for better transportation for the logs from the Park. *(It is said that "J.R. Booth cut everything with a green top.")* Finally J.R. decided that the best bet would be to build a railway through Algonquin Park from Ottawa. He also had been thinking about the railway going to Parry Sound and Depot Harbour. Grain could be transported from the West to Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay), then by boat to Depot Harbour and by the Booth Railway to Ottawa and Montreal and thus overseas. So the building began . . . (see "Over the Hills to Georgian Bay" by Niall MacKay.)

When Barnett's heard about the railway going through Algonquin Park, they immediately decided to build a mill at Brule Lake. Before this, Brule had been known as a beautiful gem of a lake about 1¼ miles long and ¾ mile wide at the widest spot. Barnett's built a village, homes for the workers, a school, and a large boarding house on the hill with steps going down to the mill. The railway put in sidings. Trains came every half hour except on Sunday. Algonquin Park rangers had a place built for them. The railway built a station, a house for the agent and a double house for the caretakers of the railway. There was a store and a post office.

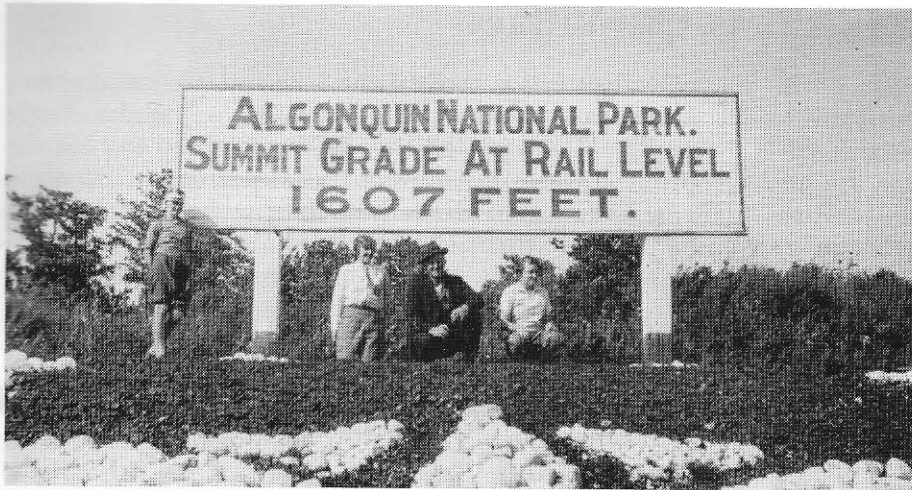
McLaughlin's decided to build a supply depot a Brule and J.R. Booth decided to draw their logs to Brule and ship them to Ottawa. So Booth built an office, a cookhouse, a bunkhouse and storage buildings on the north shore of Brule. On the northwest shore McLaughlin's built an office, a cookhouse and a bunkhouse, storage buildings, a stable and a blacksmith shop. The tote road from Brule went to Grassy Bay and in the winter the ice roads were used via McIntosh Lake to White Trout and Burntroot.

The first train went through the Park on January 7, 1897 . . . and Brule Lake became a village on the new railway.

The name Brulé came into use after the completion of the Booth railway. It is said to be a French name which was changed to English, Brule, when Brule became the supply point from the railway to the depot at White Trout Lake. The lumbermen all thought that Brule was a gem of a lake, a beautiful lake. Algonquin Park is like a crown and all Ontario's great rivers have their sources in the Park. Brule Lake is the highest lake in the Park. Less than two miles from Brule Village is the highest point on the railway . . . 1607 feet above sea level. This point was known as the "Summit"! We, the children of Brule, walked to the summit nearly every Sunday . . . (no trains on Sunday). Years later when my father worked for the Ontario Forestry Branch he had a wooden tower, 102 feet high and in three stories, built across from the summit. Then we also climbed the tower. My dad always thought that towers were a great help in fire season. My mother watched the trains going west because at times the train could not get up the hill, and would back to Brule, leave half the train on the siding, then proceed to McCraney with the half load, put it on a siding and return to Brule for the rest of the load. The waters from Brule flowed east but the waters from the west side of the summit flowed west.



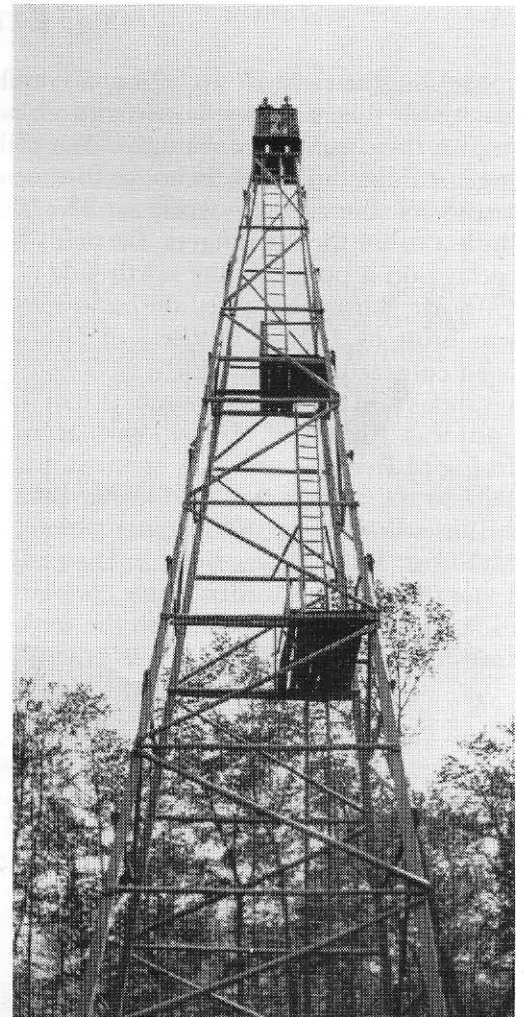
Beautiful Brule Lake.



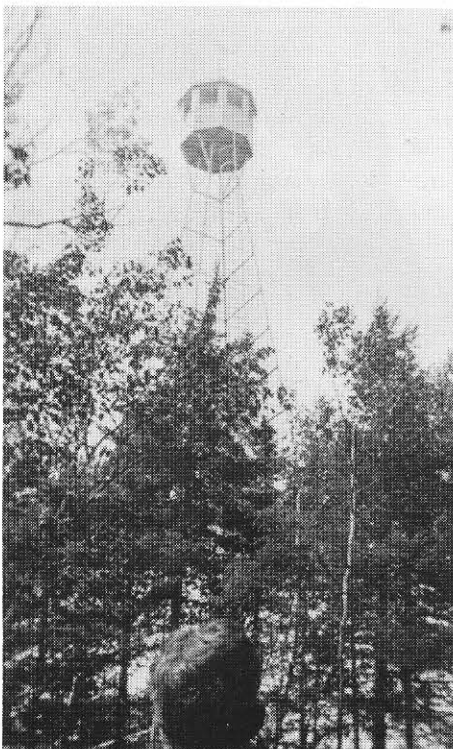
The Summit, the highest point on the railroad . . . 1607 feet above sea level.



Beautiful Islet Lake, west of summit.



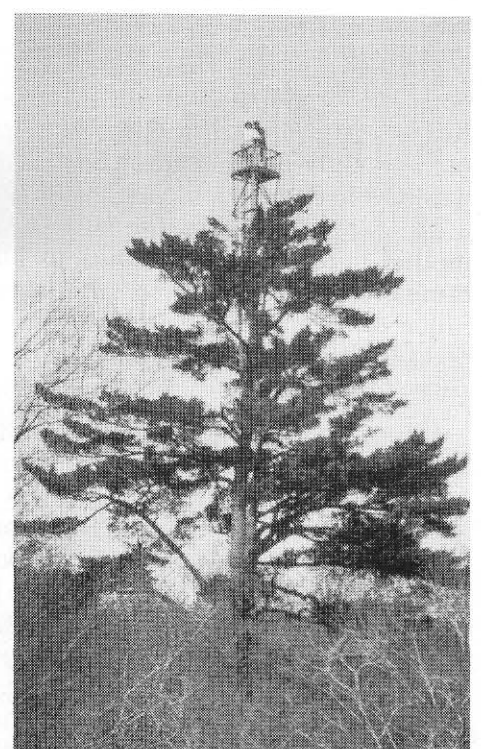
Wooden Tower across from the summit, 102 feet.



Grassy Bay Tower.



Our favourite spot.



Smoke Lake Tower.

Brule Lake . . . the Village

McLaughlin's built an office, a cookhouse, a bunk house, a stable, a storage house, and a blacksmith building on the west side of the lake. The railway built sidings, storage buildings, a house for the agent, a double house for the railway workers. The Algonquin Park built a cabin for the rangers. Barnett's built a beautiful cottage on a point on the north side of the lake about 1901. Mr. Barnett supplied the cedar logs but the cottage was built by Lafuer Brothers of Ottawa . . . they had been contractors on the railway. The cottage had long verandas and a large sunporch, it had hard wood floors and was furnished. Grace Barnett married Colonel Irving of Renfrew and they spent summers at Brule. In 1937-38 the cottage was sold to Dr. Edmund Kase, who still uses the cottage. The Barnett's also had a cottage on McIntosh Lake. It was built in the early 1900's of logs. Later the Barnett's built a frame cottage on the island. It took up most of the island, so the ice-house and wood shed had to be on the little island next door.

My father, Tom McCormick, of Arnprior, went to Brule Lake in 1908 to be office clerk for McLaughlin Brothers. He had to see that supplies, men, horses, food, hay, etc. were sent to the camps via the tote road or on ice in the winter to the camps in Grassy Bay and Burntroot Lake. The McLaughlin cook at Brule was Joe Cousineau from Arnprior; Joe brought his wife and children to Brule. In 1911 my father got married and brought his wife to Brule and we lived next door to the Cousineau's. Brule Lake was a village without electricity, running water, and indoor bathrooms. We used wood stoves, kerosene lamps, and carried water from a well. We used ice cut from the lake in winter, to put in the ice-box to keep food cool. We had a cellar for the potatoes and apples.

On May 13, 1912, I, Margaret Mary McCormick, was born in our home at Brule Lake. A doctor from the Kearney area hopped a train, came to Brule, delivered me and took another train back. I have always been named Mary. I was a blonde, healthy child. We lived in a house on the hill, south of the railway tracks. My mother taught me to be cautious about trains which came every half hour or so. My parents took me in the canoe often and taught me to fish. Soon I learned to paddle. Three years and three months after my birth my sister, Helen, was born on August 5th.

When my sister was about 15 months old, MacLaughlin's asked my father to go to Grassy Bay for a few months. So in November away we went over the tote road. Jerry Kennedy, Jack Smith and Monk Turcotte were there too. My mother did the cooking. My dad did the business especially the supplies to Burnt Lake. Every morning either Jerry or Jack would say to me "Are you coming to the barn?" Then one of them would put me on his shoulders and away we went. The men looked after watering and feeding the horses and also the supplies that were moving to the camp. What a great winter I had. One thing that I didn't like there was to see a pack

of wolves kill a deer on the lake just a short distance from our cabin. In late February we returned to Brule and in March my brother Roy was born. During the next two years my brother Irvine was born. When the next baby was to come, the Doctor said that my mother had to go to Kearney. She stayed at the Bice's and Mrs. Bice cared for her. My new brother was Tommy.

Our house on the hill was really too small. My father was able to get the larger Barnett house just two houses over from our first house. This house had bedrooms for all and one spare, it had a covered veranda on three sides, a sun porch, a dining-room with a hardwood floor, a fireplace in the livingroom. We had a fireplace, two wood burning stoves, two kitchens, two wells, and two ice-boxes. My dad's favorite dessert was ice-cream, so every Sunday we made two gallons of ice-cream. We had two horses, two cows, 3 pigs, 40 hens, and in the spring the cows would have calves. The animals roamed around except in winter and then we let them out each day to get a drink at the creek. My father would kill one calf, the pigs and some hens for the winter. We put potatoes and apples in the cellar. My mother made preserves . . . raspberries, blueberries, peaches, and other foods for winter. My jobs were to feed the hens, let the animals out, clean the stalls and put in fresh hay. My mother and sister did the milking. We had a separator and we separated the cream from the milk. I also brought in the wood and water. The teacher also boarded at our home, so we had eight for each meal. My dad always made porridge at 6 a.m. While in the house we usually played cards, games or read books.



1924 styles at Brule Lake. The McCormick girls.

Life at Brule

My father worked at McLaughlin's except in the fire season when he worked for the Ontario Forestry Branch (now Ministry of Natural Resources). The railway from Ottawa to Depot Harbour was very busy, trains coming through Brule every half hour or so, and no trains on sundays. Some trains carried 100 cars of grain from Depot Harbour. During the war years there were many troop trains. One grain train was rushing through Brule and on the curve just past our houses nine cars of grain spilled into the lake. Anyone in Brule who had pigs or hens could salvage some grain. This also attracted thousands of birds. My dad dried some of the grain by spreading it on the floors of an empty house next door. This helped feed our pigs and hens.

An east wind would bring a very bad odor to the village. My mother would send me to the store and for the mail between trains. She would take me down the hill to the track and send me across . . . then she would say "Go to McLaughlin cookery and Joe will tell you when to come back." I loved that because I knew Joe would have pies, cookies or cake . . . then he'd say "What would you like tomorrow?" . . . usually I'd say "Lemon pie."

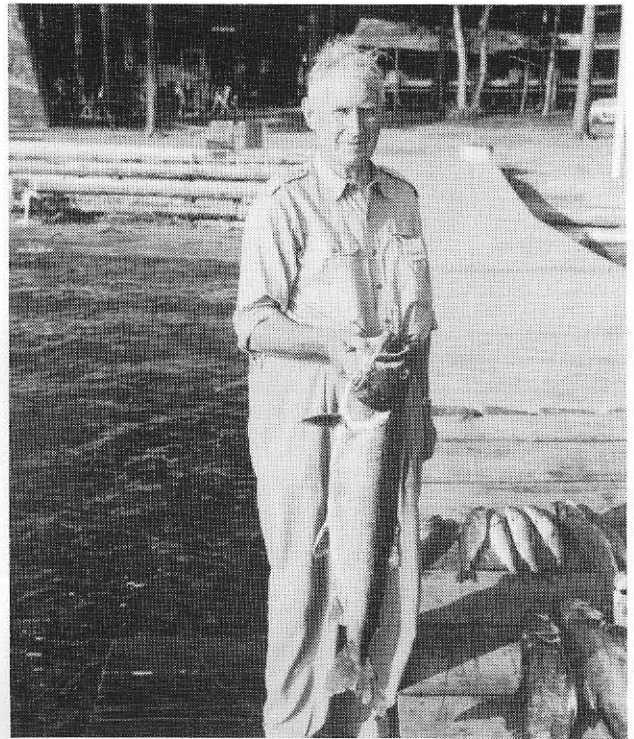
The Stringers lived next to us on the hill for about a year while their house was being built at Canoe Lake. We had lots of fun with them. Next to us on the little hill was the Park Rangers' house, Martin Newell, Ted Benn, Archie Benn, and Dan Stringer. Either Dan or Martin would cut hair. Archie's big collie liked to play with us, so Archie would say, "You can go to the McCormick's but don't get your feet wet." There was a creek between our houses . . . so the dog would pick dry spots until he made it across. Past the ranger house was a double house where two railway families lived . . . the men were the caretakers of the railway.

When my father became deputy Fire Ranger, he needed extra men and a gas car. So a house was built for the men to the west of our house and a garage for the gas car below the house at the tracks. The rangers at that

time were Aubrey Dunne, Len McDermott who took care of the gas car, Alvin Dunne who was at McIntosh tower; Pete Ruddy and later Max Hubert. Later Aubrey and Max moved to Canoe and Smoke Lakes . . . they got the idea of building the tower in the tall pine on Smoke Lake.

The Cousineau's moved to the store and post office. Joe was such a pleasant man that when you went for the mail, you usually chatted, had some candy and a drink of cider. The station agent and family lived next door. The village pump was half way between the store and the station.

Other families lived on the south side in the Barnett houses. Ralph Bice said his family lived on the hill for one summer. His dad was a ranger at Brule and White Trout.



Thomas McCormick



Rowing on Brule.



Cleaning fish.

Brule Village



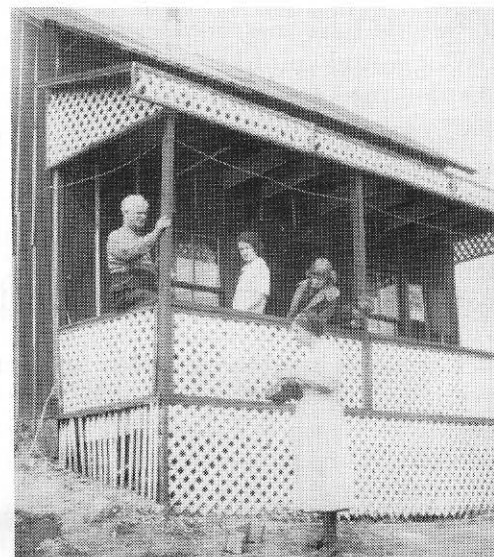
South shore - mother in boat.



Our home on south side.



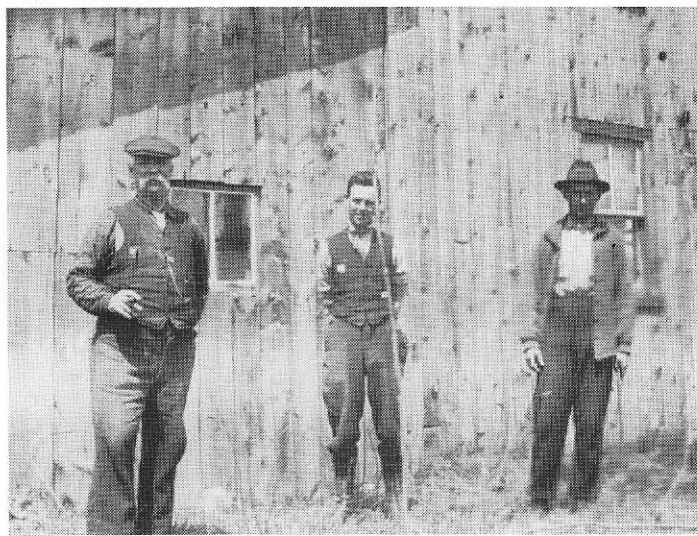
West end - Barnett's Mill.



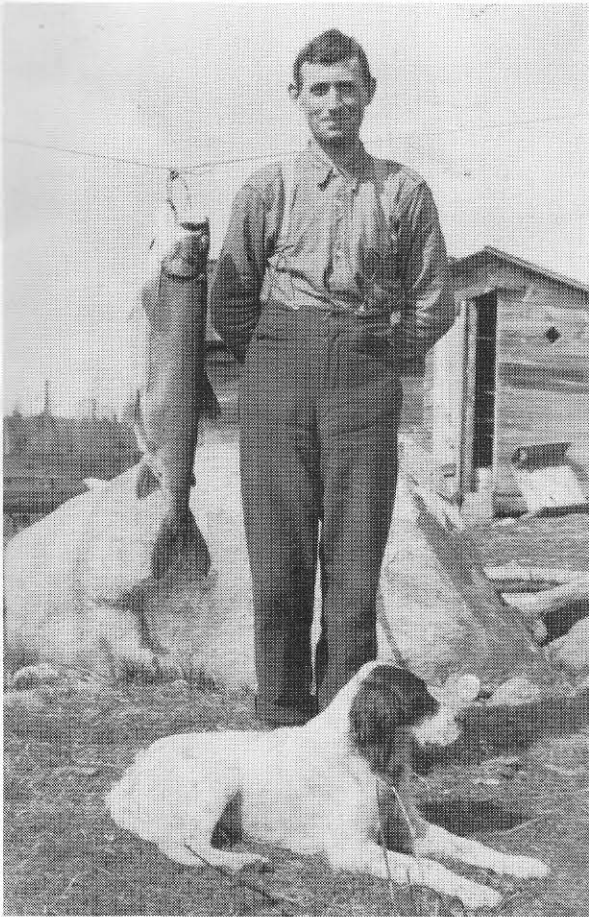
Park Rangers' cabin.



Looking into Brule from the east.



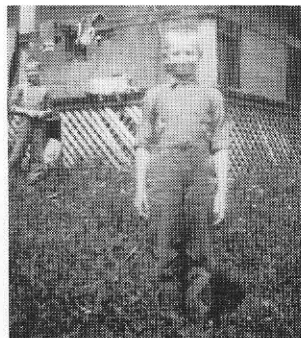
Park Rangers (the Benns) with my dad, Tom McCormick.



My dad.



Helen.



Irvine.



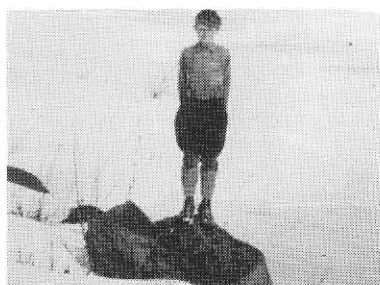
Miss Talman.



Mary and Helen.



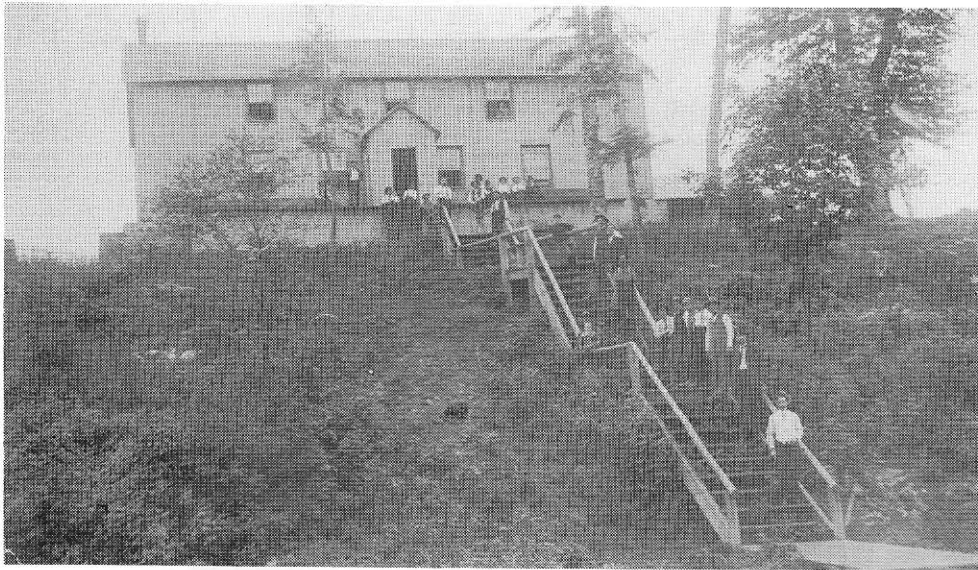
Visitors.



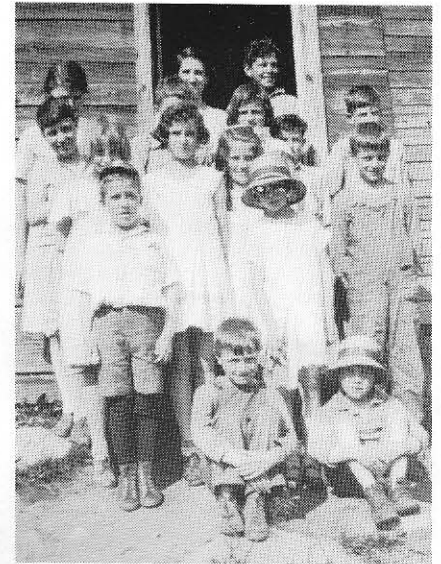
Roy.



Mary and Alice.



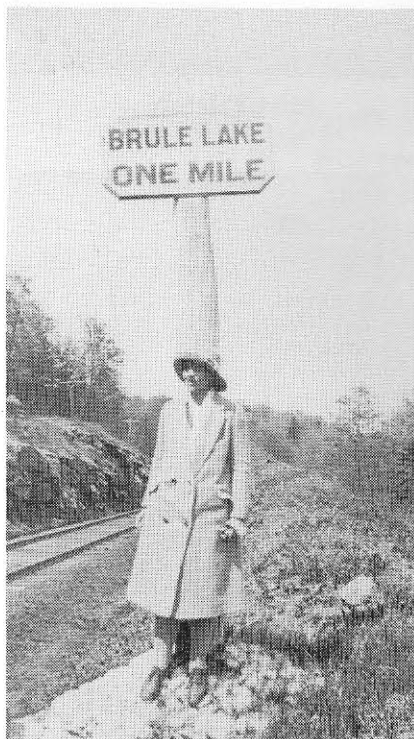
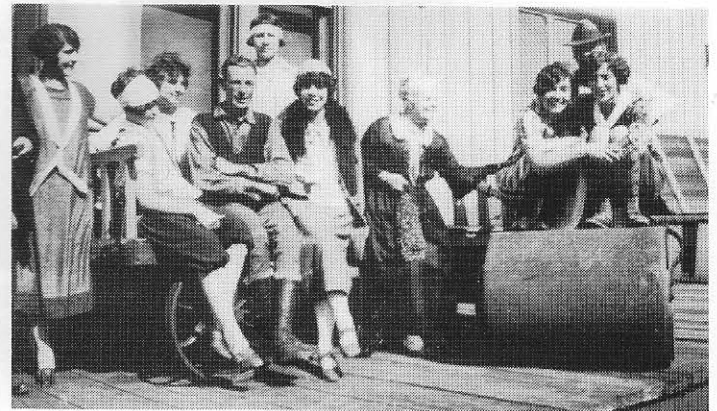
Barnett's Boarding House.



School.



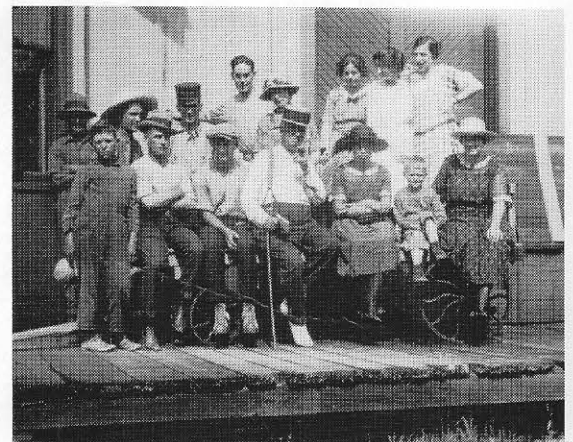
Barnett's Cottage.



Miss Dulcie Talman.

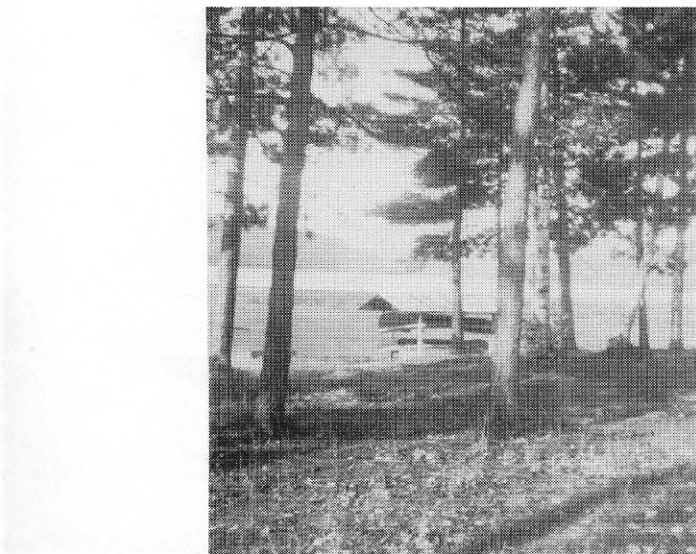
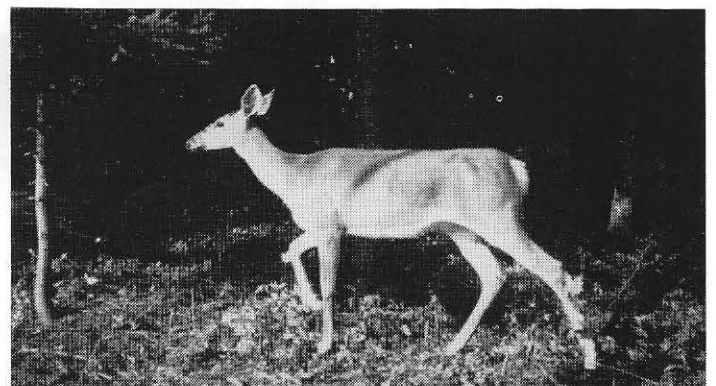
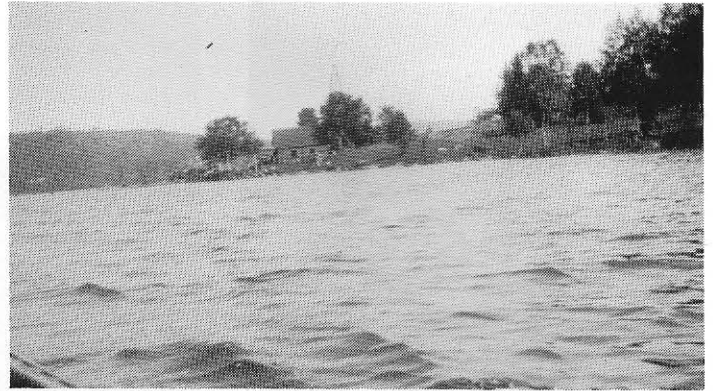


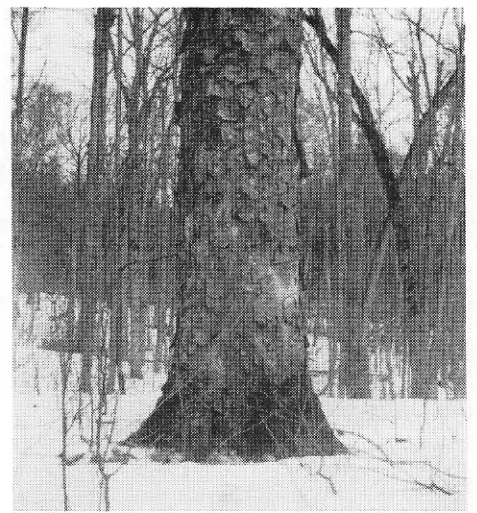
Teacher, Helen, Mother.



There were two passenger trains every day except Sunday and everyone tried to get to the station for that . . . to check what comes and goes.

Just Brule Scenes





Winter Fun



Mother, Mary, Helen and Kildare.



Mom and Dad.



Teacher.



Cleaning and flooding the rink.

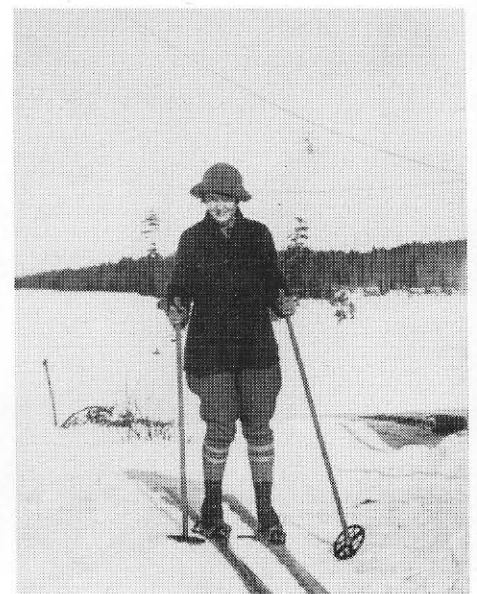


School kids.



Mother and teacher.

Brule Sports



Water Sports



Mary, Pine River.



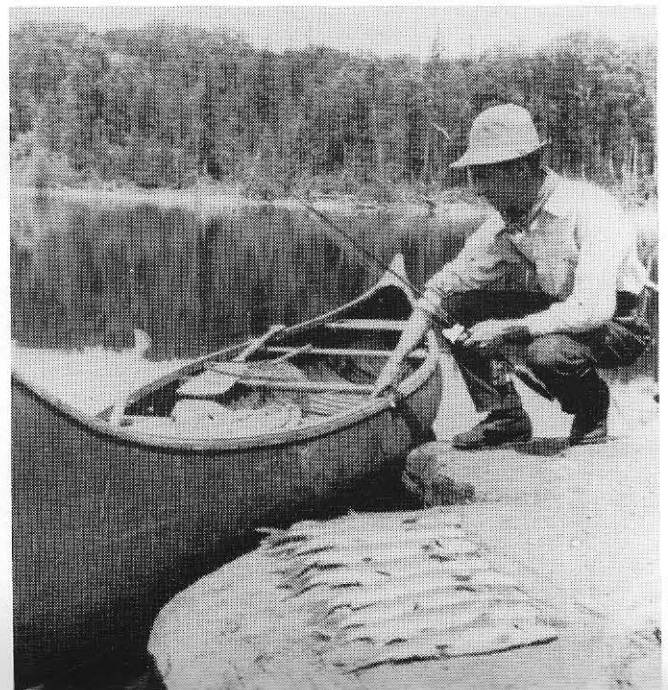
Mom and Dad.



Dad.



Mary and Roy.



Entertainment

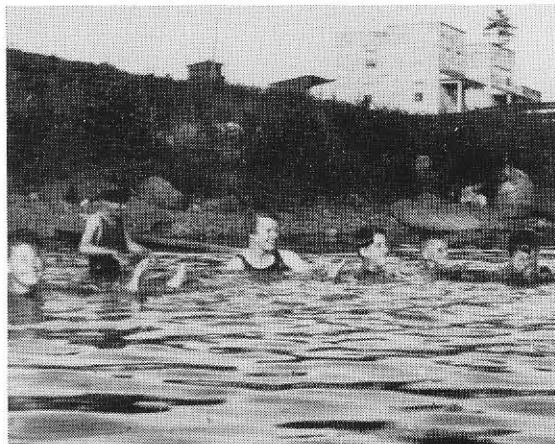
We had one radio with earphones. We had a record player and many records. We played cards every day of the week. When my grandparents would come from Arnprior for a visit, my mother always said, "No cards on Sunday." We had many games too. I liked to cut families from Eaton's catalogues and I'd set up families . . . one on each bed. I also had a school and I'd play that I was the teacher. Before Barnett's tore down the mill we used to play hide-and-go-seek there. We also played in Barnett's boarding house. Both were great for playing ghosts.

We spent a lot of time at the lake. I remember when my mother would put the five of us in the canoe and paddle us around the bay. My mother couldn't swim and we had no life jackets in those days. This was an enjoyable time. Canoeing was very important to me and I seemed to spend a lot of time by the lake. We went swimming every day in the summer. Our beach was on the north shore of Brule so we had to walk over between trains. I had learned to run the logs so I'd dash over. Behind our house to the south was a falls. It was a short walk and we went there often. Sometimes we would fish there. On the walk my dad spied a big yellow birch . . . it measured 13 feet in circumference. We loved to snow shoe but we only had one pair. We slid on our hill all winter. We liked to ski so my dad made skis for us from barrel staves. On Sundays the whole family spent the

day on the hill. I liked to skate. My dad made my first rink in the shape of an 8, two feet wide and 20 feet long. The village people had a big rink, so we'd go skating at night and the men would build a big bonfire. Brule had a dump. It was on the side of the hill on the north side just above J.R. Booth's buildings (now Duff's). From our home we could see the bears coming out for the evening dinner. Sometimes we would go over to watch, but the bears ignored us. It was fun to see a bear pick up a can, hold it in his paws and lick the jam out.

My mother liked to entertain, so we'd have card parties, or a square dance or just visiting. I spent a lot of time sitting on the rocky hill below our house watching the trains shunting back and forth. I became very interested in the engines. One day the engineer asked me if I'd like a ride while they were shunting back and forth. I jumped to that. What an honor. I loved it. From that day I knew what I'd be when I grew up . . . an engineer.

Between our house and the Park Rangers' house was a stream and along the stream were many alders. So I called this area, "my bush." So, being brought up with lumbering, I decided to have my own bush. I made a road along the stream and I kept it iced in the winter. I cut alders about a foot long. I used a small sled and hauled the logs to my "pretend mill." I pretended to be the horse. I had a wonderful time. Some times my brother Irvine helped me.





Creek below falls.



Falls behind Brule.

Winter Fishing

On Sundays in the winter we would travel on the lumbermen's iced roads . . . no work on Sundays. My dad had a pacer horse and a cutter. I had an old nag, but a good horse, and a bunk sled. I'd put hay on the bunk. My dad took my mother and one of the boys. I'd take the others and some of the Cousineau's. We'd drive 15 or more miles, then pull over to the shore, unhitch the horses, cut holes for fishing and set the lines. My dad would build a big bonfire. We would fish, play games, eat lunch and sit by the fire. We had lots of fun and also had some fish. Once when we were going home, a pack of wolves killed a deer between my dad's horse and mine. His horse was quite a ways ahead of mine. My horse was so scared I had to walk with him the rest of

the trip. The kids on the sled were scared too. But those were great outings.

In early March my dad would clean the snow off an area of ice, 30 feet by 30 feet. He'd test the thickness and wait until it was the right depth. Then he'd mark off the cutting area, then use a plank to keep the line even. He'd use an ice-saw to cut blocks and then lift the blocks with ice-tongs. The blocks were loaded on the horse-driven sled and taken to the ice-house which was part of our shed. This was then covered with sawdust (from the mill). We usually had 200 blocks. We had two ice-boxes for the warm weather. We made ice-cream nearly every Sunday.



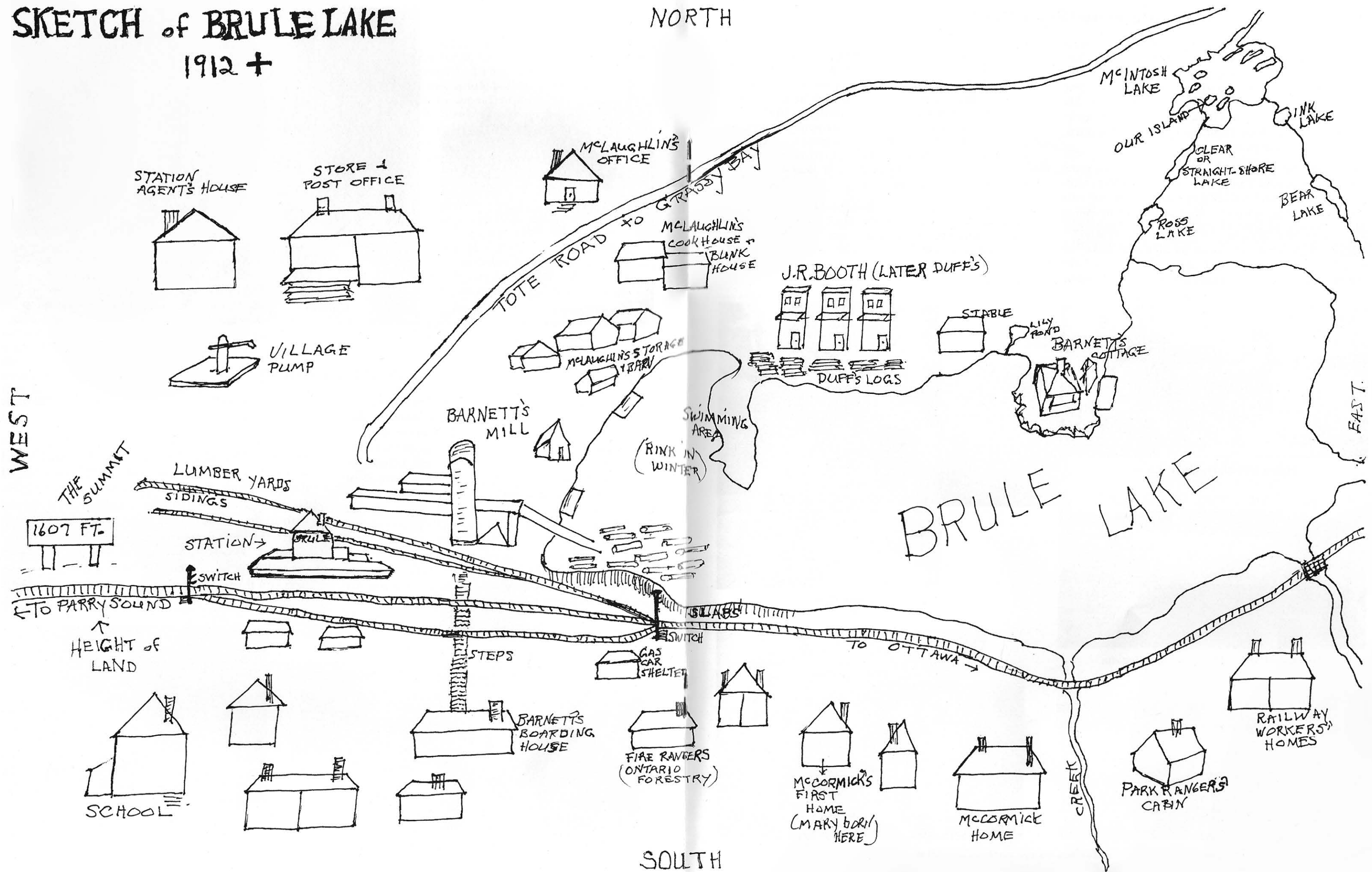
Dad, Mother, Roy and horse.



Mary's horse and brothers.

SKETCH of BRULE LAKE
1912 +

NORTH



Paddling From Brule to Canoe Lake

For several summers my Uncle Roy McCormick (who was a student at McGill, Montreal, aiming to be a doctor) was a summer fire ranger at Canoe Lake. He set up camp on the island opposite Camp Ahmek. One summer Tom Thomson camped on the other side. My dad and I would paddle to Canoe Lake to visit my uncle. We probably met Tom Thomson but I have forgotten. Then my uncle was called to war.

Later, in the '20's, a cairn was placed on the same island in memory of Tom Thomson. . . The older children from Brule used to paddle to Canoe Lake and visit the cairn. We'd bring lunch and sit on the hill and enjoy the scenery.

When we were at the cottage on McIntosh Lake, we would spend one day a week and paddle to Joe Lake Station and the Coulson Hotel and store. We'd paddle

up a creek from McIntosh to Ink Lake (believe me the water looked like ink), then portage about two miles to Bear Lake, then paddle through Fawn Lake and Joe Lake. If the Coulsons saw us they would insist we eat lunch at the hotel. Then we'd bring a lunch, eat it on the way and not go to the store until after lunch. We'd buy ice cream and eat it . . . then buy some groceries and paddle back to McIntosh. It was a great outing. When my father heard about us taking this trip every week, he gave us an extra canoe to leave at Bear Lake so we wouldn't have to portage so far.

Starting in 1926 my dad always took me to the Highland Inn Regatta. I was a very good paddler and would always win the ladies' single canoe. Aubrey Dunne would win the men's. Then Aubrey and I would win the mixed doubles. We would enter any race that suited us. It was great.



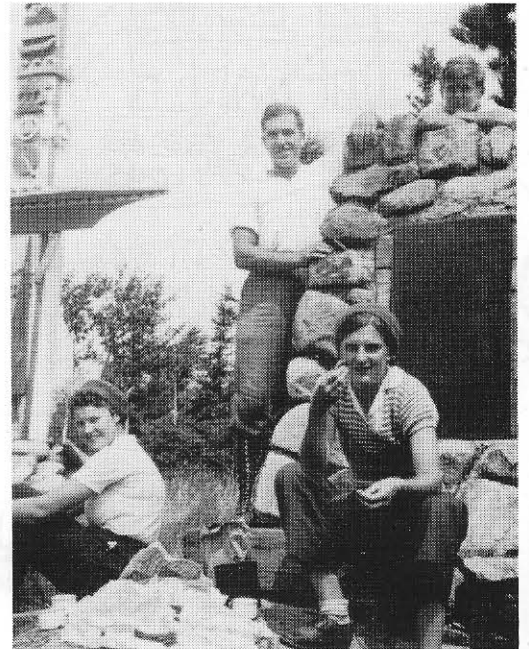
Helen and Mary, Cache Lake.



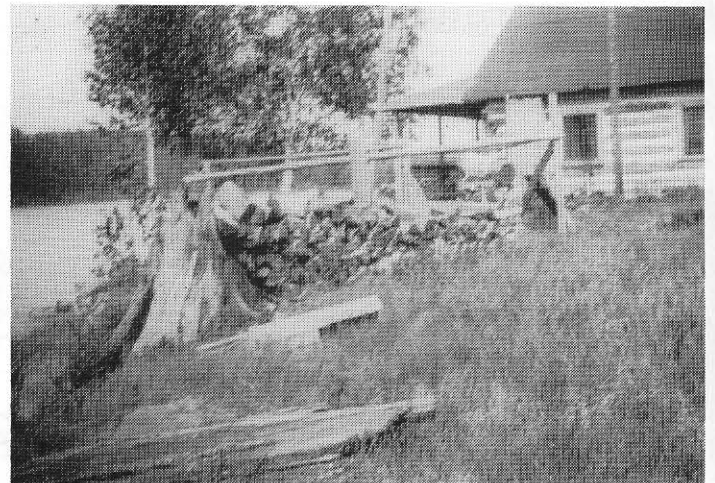
Helen and Mary, Highland Inn Regatta.



Mary paddling.



Tom Thomson Cairn, Canoe Lake.



Grassy Bay, White Trout.

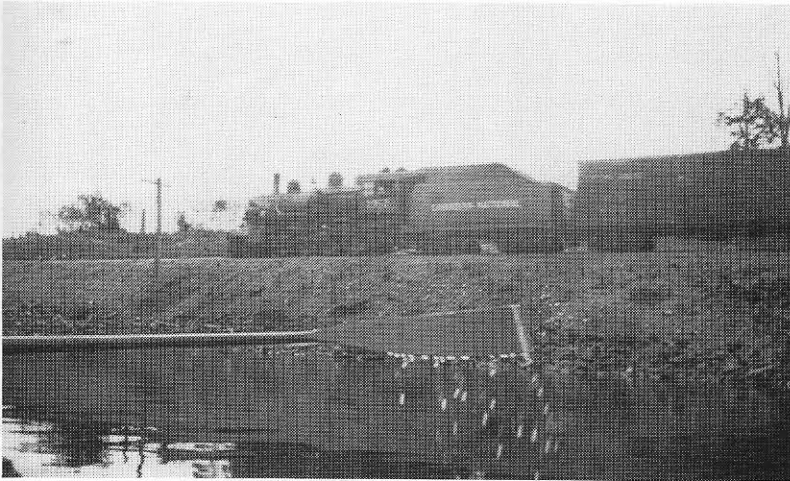
Brule Trains



Keeping the switch clean.



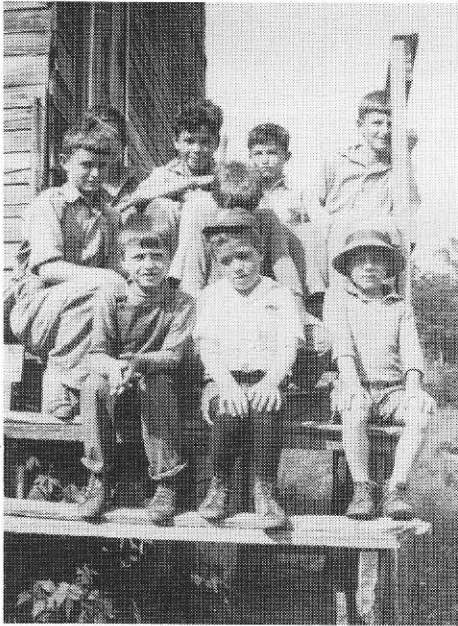
Snowplough.



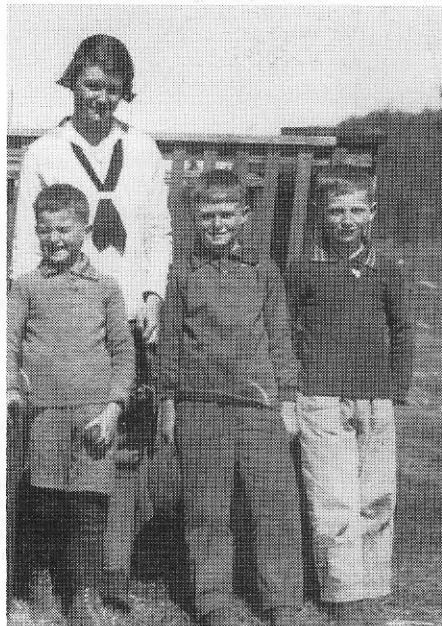
Brule School Days

When I was 10 years old there was still no school at Brule. However, in the autumn of 1922 there were enough children. The old Barnett school was cleaned, painted and set in order . . . a teacher was hired. Miss Gertrude Gartshore from Parry Sound arrived and she boarded at our house. We were all so delighted to get to school. We all went home for lunch at noon. I don't remember how I learned to read but I had no trouble doing the written work. Arithmetic was my top subject. In June 1926 I was sent to Kearney and I stayed with Boices (Bices) and wrote the Ontario Entrance Exams

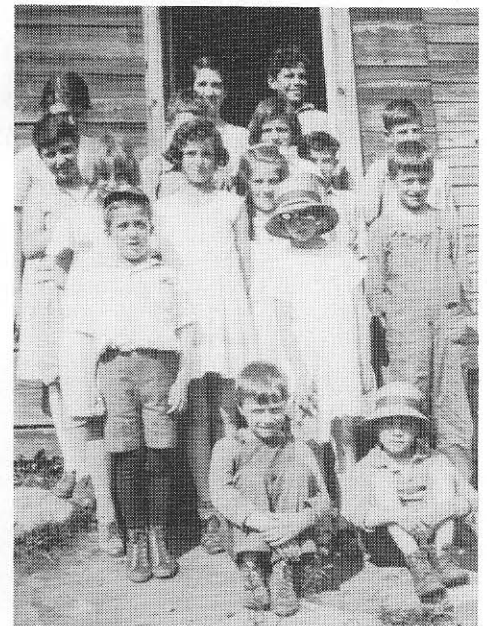
for High School. I passed with honors. The following year the Brule teacher thought she could teach me Form 1, High School. The difficulty was that the school had no materials for this class but we struggled through. The McLaughlin's closed shop in Brule, so the school was moved to the McLaughlin office. We really liked going there. We, on the south side, now had to cross the tracks. The following September I was off to Renfrew to attend the Collegiate there. Those dedicated teachers at Brule had very little supplies but they surely taught the 3R's, Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic expertly.



School boys.



Mary and brothers.



School children.



Brule Lake country school.

School Days

In September, 1927, I travelled by train to Renfrew. It was a sad day for me as I hated to leave my dear Brule. I was on my way to Renfrew to live with my aunt and uncle, the Forgies. They had five children all younger than I and my aunt's oldest sister lived with them too. My uncle had a full time job at the Renfrew Foundry, but he also hatched and sold baby chicks. He had huge incubators in the basement. During the hatching season I was able to help him every night. The day-old chicks had to be taken from the incubators and delivered so that the farmers would have them the next morning.

I attended Renfrew Collegiate. To get across the Bonnechere River from the Forgies' I walked on a swing bridge . . . this was quite an experience. In June 1931, I passed my senior matriculation. During the spring months of 1931, I was able to study typing at a small Shaw Business School . . . I went from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. I had a wonderful time at the Forgies'. In the homestead, the room where I had slept is still called, "Mary's room." To this day the Forgies are my dearest friends.



Forgie home.



Nellie and John Forgie.



Nellie Forgie with three of the children.

McIntosh Lake and Cottage

In Bernard Wicksteed's book, "Joe Lavally and the Pale Face," Bernard is quoted as he stumbled down the hill from McIntosh Creek to the lake . . . "Ahead of me lay the sparkling blue waters of McIntosh Lake, which I shall remember until I die, as one of the most beautiful spots on earth."

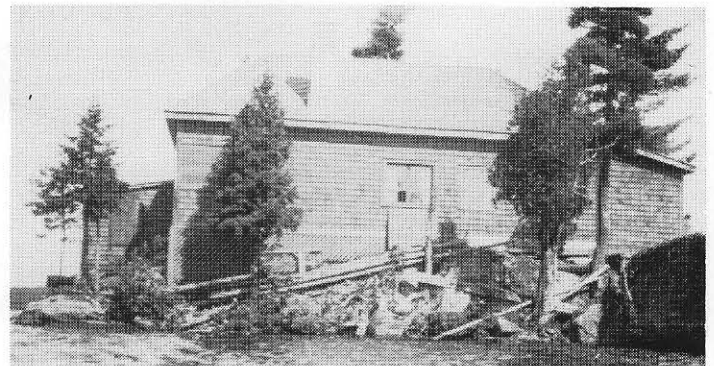
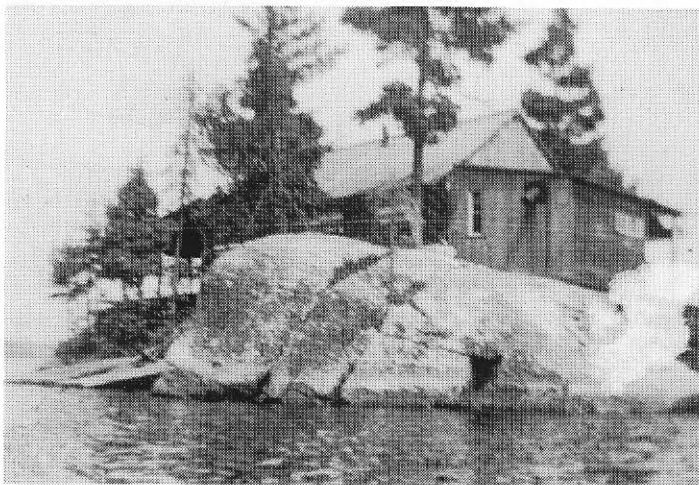
I agree . . . McIntosh Lake is beautiful . . . large islands on the north shore with tall hemlocks, pines and spruce swaying in the wind and rocky shores and lots of blueberries; on the west side near the tote road to Grassy Bay there were sandy areas and shoals; to the east were rough hills and small rocky islands. The south area had several small rocky islands. In the early 1900's Barnett's built a log cottage on one of these islands. Just after World War I, Barnett's replaced this cottage with a large board cottage. The cottage had three bedrooms, a living-room, dining room and a kitchen . . . there was also a summer kitchen. The building was well insulated and could be used all winter. Wood was the fuel. Straw rugs were on the floors. There was also a sleeping cabin partly over the water. It was great sleeping there and hearing the water splashing under your bed. The island was so small that the ice-house and wood shed had to be on the little island next door.

In 1926 Grace Barnett Irving wished to sell the cottage, so my Dad bought it. We usually went for the week-ends. From our home in Brule Lake we had two lakes to cross and three portages. My sister and I both learned to carry canoes . . . see map. In 1932 when my family left Brule Lake, my dad rented the Barnett cottage on Brule for July and August and the older ones went to McIntosh for the summer. My mother didn't like staying on the island all the time. My dad set up a method for travelling back and forth. We had four canoes . . . we used one on Brule and when we came to the portage we left the canoe there well placed, then we walked over the portage and there was a canoe so we paddled over the next lake and stored the canoe, and so on. This was Brule Lake, Ross Lake, Clear Lake (some called it Straight Shore Lake) and then McIntosh . . .

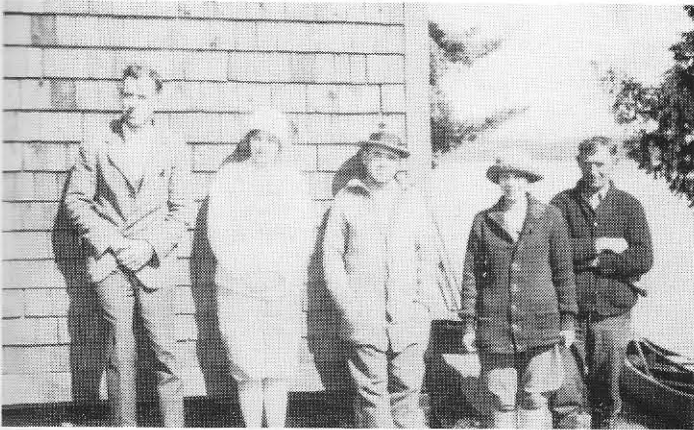
going back was the same . . . this was fast, easy traveling, so we went to Brule nearly every day for mail and milk. What did we do at McIntosh? We fished, canoed, swam three times a day, and played cards. My school friend from Renfrew (Phyllis) always came for a month. We had two canoes so we put boards across them, set up some sails with bed sheets and sailed all afternoon. Sometimes McIntosh got very rough and we could not go out. We also took jaunts to other lakes, Wolf Lake, Misty Lake, Pine River (my canoe tipped at Pine River and I lost my shoes, so had to come back barefooted). Once during the summer we would go to Grassy Bay. Once a week we'd go to Joe Lake and visit Coulson's store. If Mrs. Coulson saw us she would insist that we go to the diningroom for lunch, as guests. Then we'd shop and head back to McIntosh, via Joe Lake, Bear Lake, a long portage to Ink Lake and down the creek to McIntosh. One summer evening we decided to stay at the Brule cottage overnight. During the night there was a bad storm and when we returned to McIntosh we found that the lightning had struck. There was a four foot hole in the wall of my bedroom, everywhere there were chips taken out of the walls, windows were broken. It took some time to get everything fixed.

Many campers came to our lake and in the evening they would drop in for a chat. Sometimes we'd have the Browns and the Standerwicks from Cache Lake. Whenever my mother saw that one might stay for dinner, she'd say, "Mary, go and get a fish." So away I'd go down the lake and in a short time I'd have one or two lake trout. What wonderful times we had at McIntosh.

In 1945 my husband and sons, Tom and Jon, and I paddled from Joe Lake to McIntosh for the weekend. It was great to be back. In 1947 some campers broke into the cottage and stayed for a few days. I suppose they were careless, but after they left the cottage burned down. Only the fireplace was left standing. I was so happy that our sons had visited McIntosh. The icehouse and woodshed on the next island were there, but I think campers used the wood and lumber during the next years.



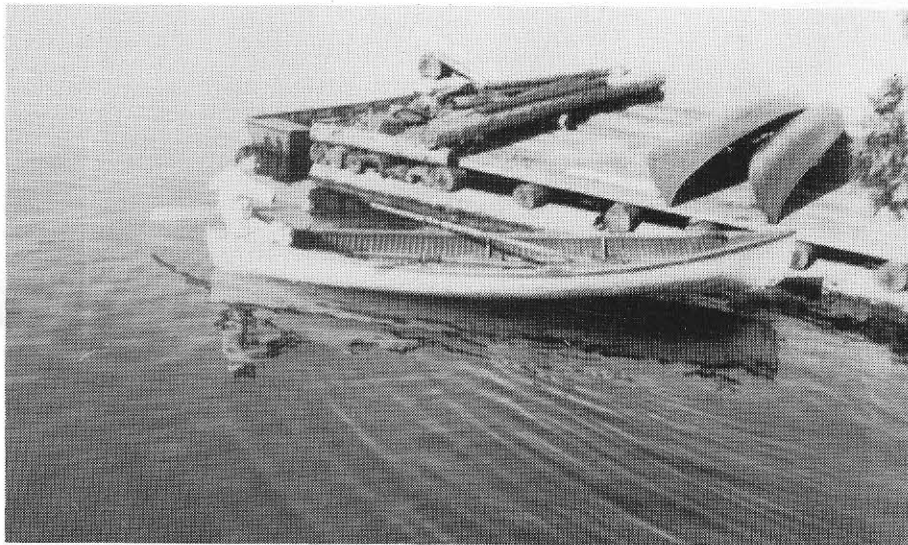
Life at McIntosh



Uncle Roy, Brown's, Miss Talman, Dad.



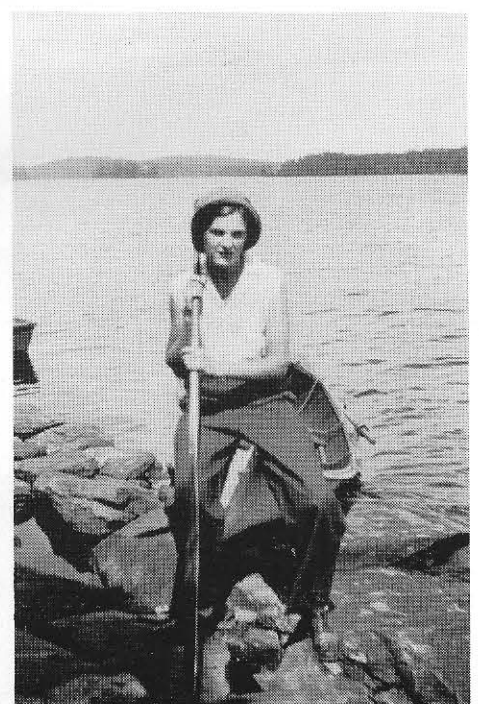
Family and friends.



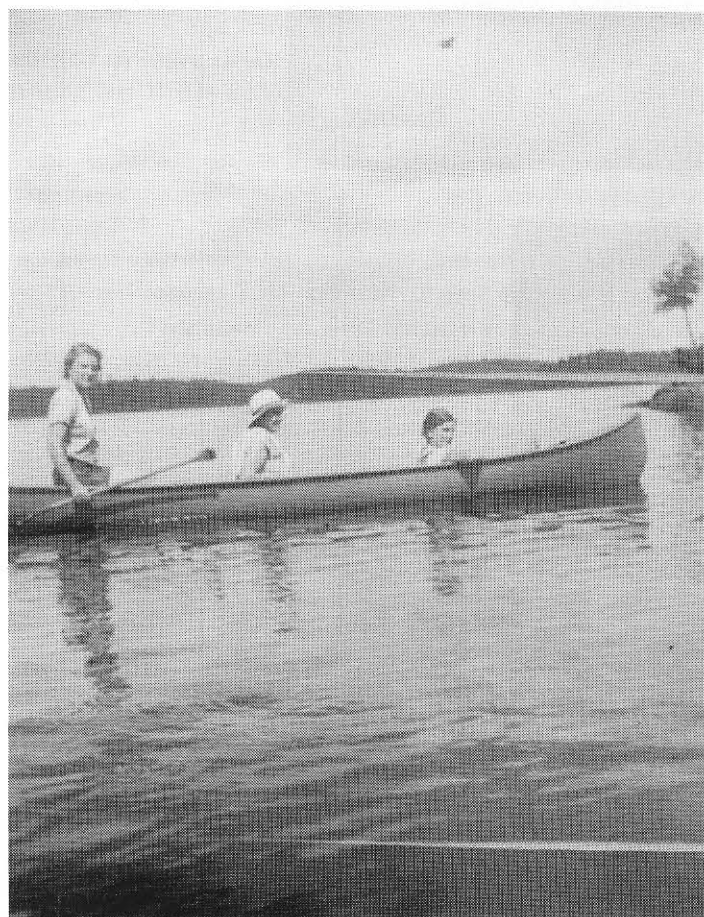
Mary.



Dad and Roy.



Phyllis Young.



Mary, Mother, Phyllis.



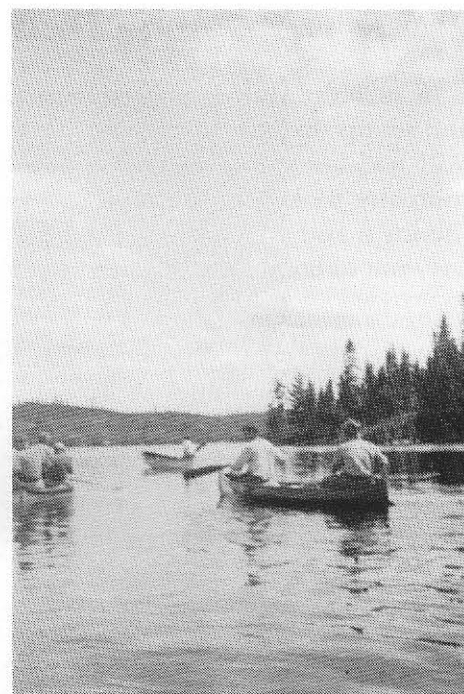
Mother and Phyllis.



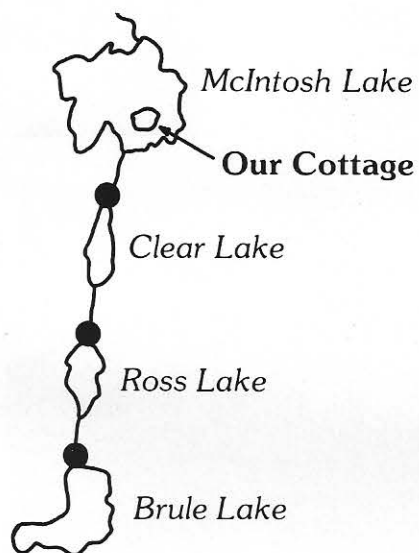
My brothers.



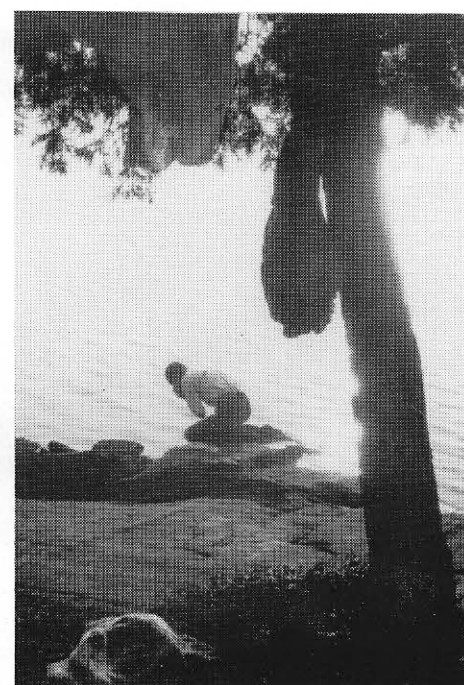
Mary.



Mary.



Starting at Brule Lake, ● indicates where each canoe was left on the trip to McIntosh Lake. This pattern was reversed on the trip back to Brule Lake.



The Duff Lumber Company . . . South River

In 1926 the Duff Lumber Company moved to Brule and set up the mill in the same spot where the Barnett mill had been. Pete Duff was from South River. The company took over the buildings on the north shore (Booth's) and piled the logs along that shore. The logs were put in booms and towed to the mill. This was great

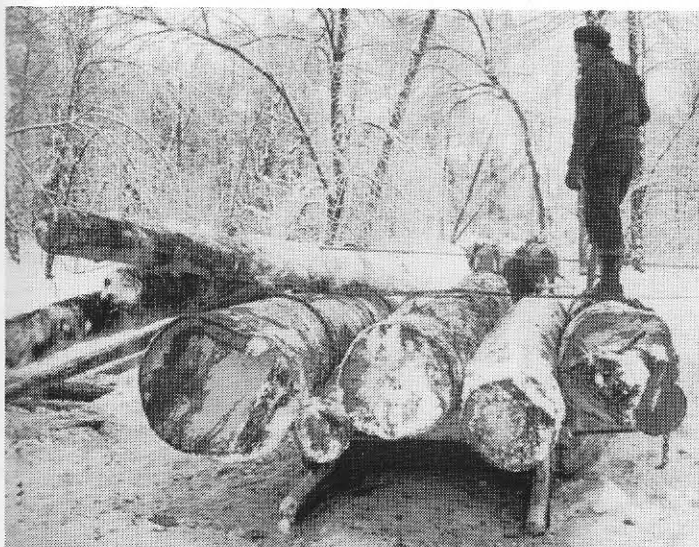
for me as I loved to run logs. I could get to swim easily, just run down our hill, cross the boom to the swimming area. One of Duff's cutting areas was northwest of Brule toward Pine River and the other area was southeast of Brule. The empty houses in Brule were soon occupied with the workers.



Icing the roads.



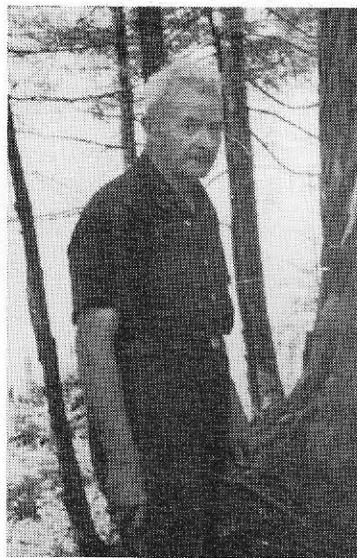
Duff's Logs



Rangers in the 1920's.



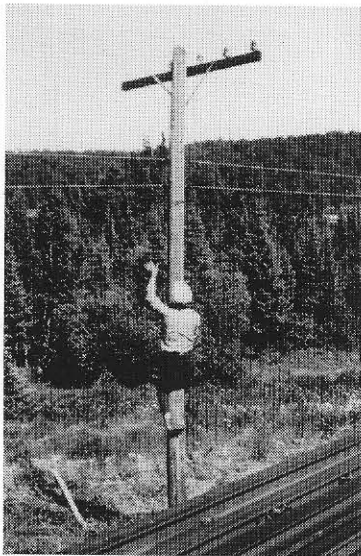
Lenard McDermott.



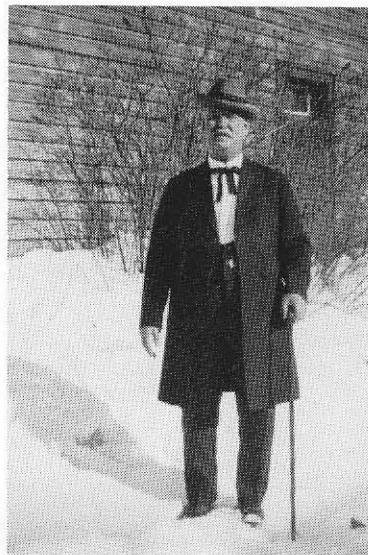
Jerry Kennedy.



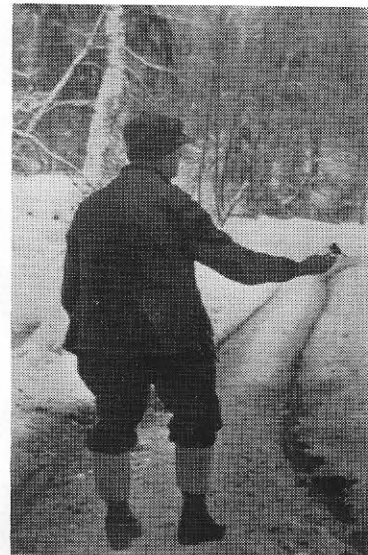
Archie Benn, Dan Stringer.



The lineman.



Archie Benn.



Monk Turcotte.



Martin Newell and teacher, Miss Gartshore.



A rangers cabin.

My Father (Tom McCormick)

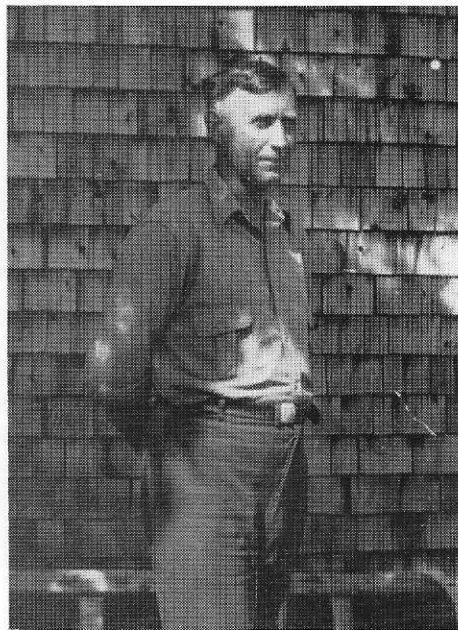
My father was born in Antrim and the family moved to Arnprior. When my father was finished school, he became employed by McLaughlin Brothers' Lumbering of Arnprior. He was sent to the depot at Brule Lake. He was in charge of all supplies, men coming in, horses, etc. All supplies had to be sent via the tote road to Grassy Bay, White Trout, and sent by cribs to the site at Burntroot Lake. (In winter they used roads on the ice.) My father was a tall (6 foot), fair, quiet man with a pleasant smile. He aimed to have everything done correctly. He also liked to be at work early, like 6 a.m. He always made the porridge before he left. He was a woodsman, a scaler, a fisherman, a canoeist and an excellent husband and father. He loved the outdoors.

When he worked for McLaughlin's, he would have to make trips to the cutting sites. In the summers he worked for the Ontario Forestry Branch. When he was made deputy fire ranger, his office was in Whitney and he had a gas car for going back and forth.

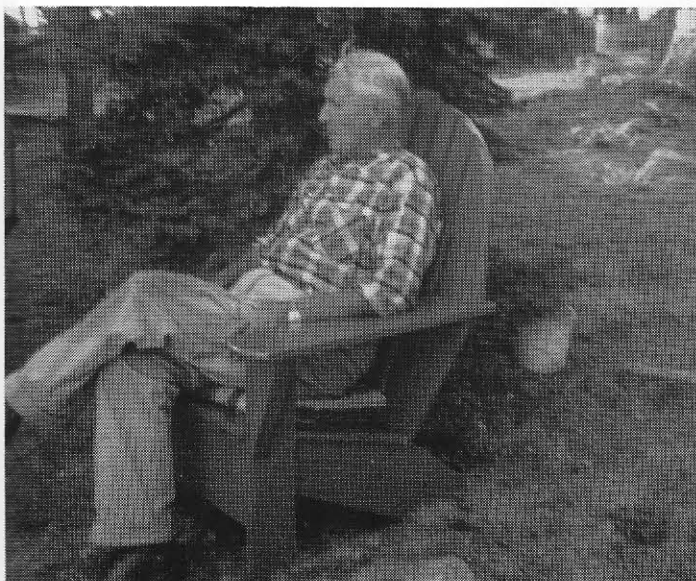
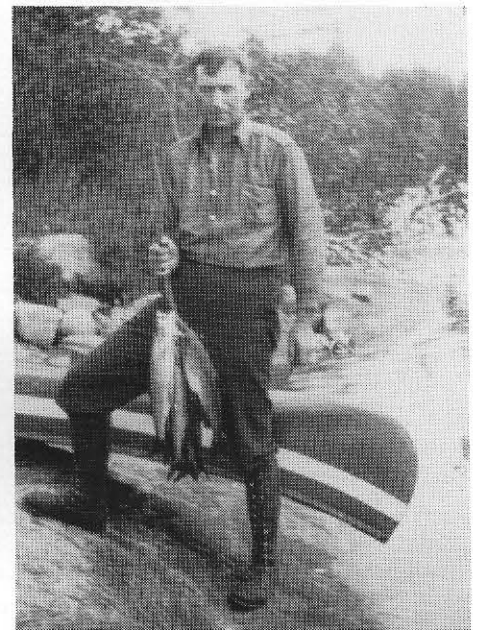
Following the amalgamation of the Park rangers and the fire rangers in 1930-31, my father was the first Chief Ranger of Algonquin South which extended from the West Gate to Pembroke with the office in Whitney. While the family lived in Eganville, my dad obtained a lease on a beautiful point on Lake of Two Rivers. He wanted to have his home there when the children finished school. He, too, loved Algonquin Park.



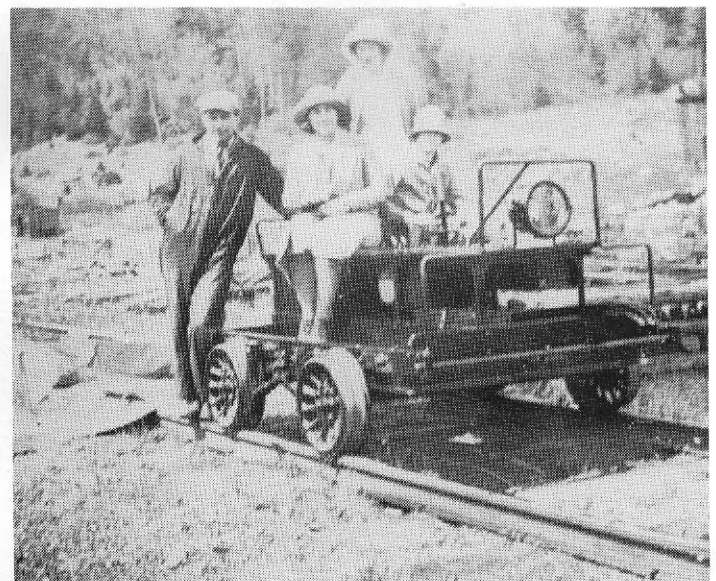
My father in Ranger's uniform.



My father.



Watching the sunset at Lake of Two Rivers.



The gas car. The driver is Lenard McDermott.

My Mother

My mother was born in Renfrew. Her family had come from Ireland, but the two younger ones, my mother and her sister, were born in Renfrew.

In March, 1911, she married my father, Thomas McCormick, of Arnprior. Since my father was working for McLaughlin Brothers of Arnprior, and he had been stationed at Brule Lake, my mother came to Brule and lived in a house on the hill, south side of the tracks. The women did pioneer work in those days; carry water, outside toilets, wood fires, coal-oil lamps, wash clothes in a tub with a wash board, hang the clothes on a line, iron the clothes with a sadiron that had to be heated on the stove. My mother was a good cook and she did all

the cooking. When my sister, Helen, was old enough she helped my mother. Eventually there were eight in our house as we boarded the teacher. Water had to be carried from the well, heated on the stove, and used for laundry and dishes. My mother and my sister also did the milking, we had two cows. As the old saying goes, "A mother's work is never done." . . . this suited my mother. She soon learned to paddle a canoe and I can remember when she would put all five of us in the canoe and paddle around the bay in Brule. She could not swim and there were no life-jackets. She loved to fish too. You were always welcome at our house . . . my mother loved visitors.



My mother and grandmother.



My mother cleaning fish.



My mother.



My mother.



My mother and Miss Talman.

My Brother, Roy

One September we all had been fishing for the day, and my brother, Roy, became sick. He was just past five years old. We had the doctor from Kearney come. Then Roy's legs stiffened. My dad's brother who was training to be a doctor, came. Finally we had to take Roy to Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. Mrs. Bice, Ralph's mother, came to care for us. Roy had to remain in hospital and we were all saddened. I remember my dad sending \$12.50 each week to the hospital. He would send me to the post office to get a money order. Sometimes Roy would come home for a month. He couldn't read or write but every once in a while we'd get a note saying,

"Send me 50¢ and 50 feet of string. Roy." We found out later that he would wrap the 50¢ in paper and tie the string to it and lower it to the children on the street, three stories below and the note said, "Get me some candy." The kids would run to the store, get the candy, tie it to the string and Roy would haul it up. A volunteer worker in Toronto, a Mr. Smedley, visited Roy every week and sometimes he would be able to bring Roy to Brule for a few days. This went on for five years. It was thought that his trouble started from polio. Finally he came home for good. How happy we were.



Mother and dad at the station ready to take Roy back to Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto.



Mr. Smedley and Roy.

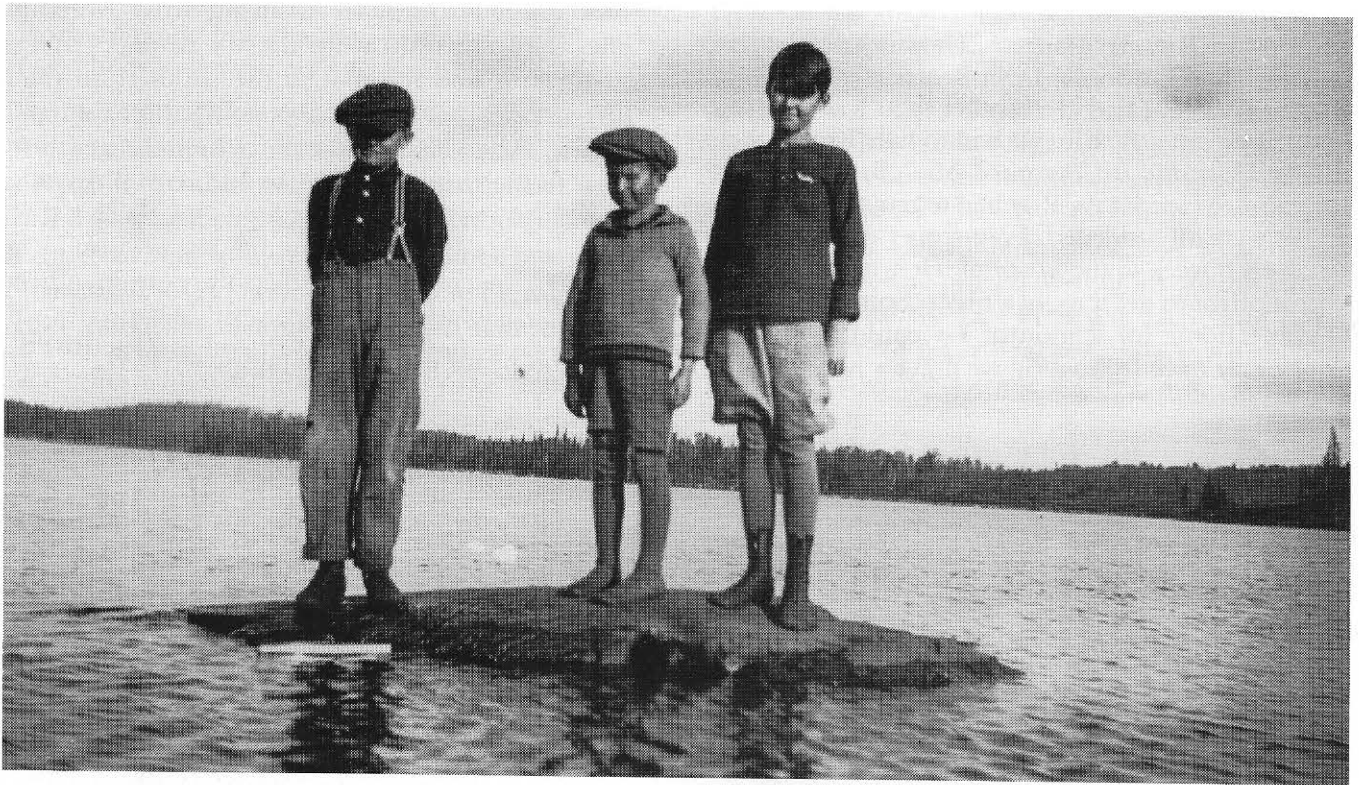


Roy with dead wolf.



Roy at home.

The Family and Friends



Roy, Tom, Helen.



Mary, Roy, Lucile.



Phyllis, Helen, Mary.



Dad, Tom, Helen, Roy.

The Boice (Bice) Family

My dad had met Fred Bice early in the 1890's. Fred trapped in some of the area and sometimes worked for the Park rangers. Then Ralph, when he was about fifteen, would join his father at times. Mrs. Bice was a practical nurse and she would come to Brule to our house when my parents had to be away. When my mother had her fifth baby she went to Kearney and stayed with the Bices . . . my brother Tom was born

there. When I tried my entrance exams for secondary school, I went to Bice's and wrote the tests. My brother had to spend a lot of time in Sick Children's Hospital over a five year period and Mrs. Bice always came to care for us while my parents were away. My brother had had polio at age five but it was not recognized. The Bice family were tops to us and we always keep in touch with Ralph.



Mrs. Fred Boice with daughter, Viola, and our Helen, Irvine and Tom. Mrs. Boice was taking care of us while our parents were away.

The Cousineaus

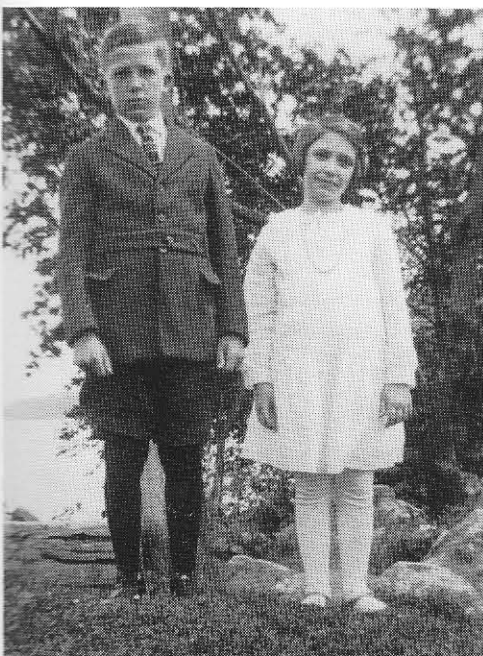
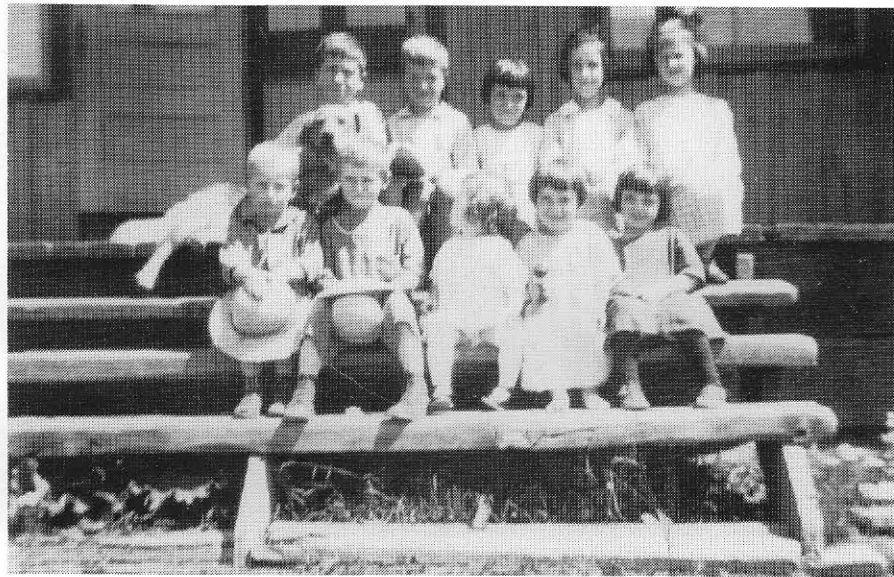
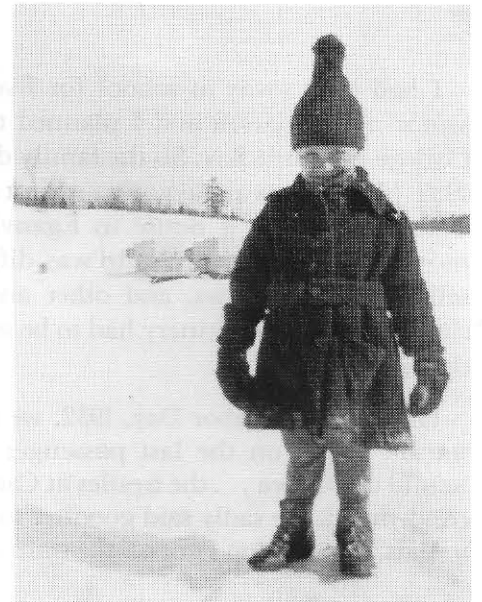
Joe Cousineau came to Brule with McLaughlin's as the camp cook. He moved his family to the house next door to ours. My dad came to Brule about the same time. The Cousineau's spoke French. In the next years both families had children. As we were growing up, we learned some French. Joe was a cook, a carpenter, a business man and a very friendly person. We all had a very happy time at Brule. When I came home from

Teachers' College, Joe had a chest made for me to have for my books. I still use that chest. Later when I had children he made each a lovely paddle, which still hang in the cottage at Cache Lake. When the big fire hit Brule in the early '50's, the Cousineaus moved to Canoe Lake and Joe looked after the log store at the foot of Canoe Lake, where the centre is today.



Girls with Mary.





Leaving Brule

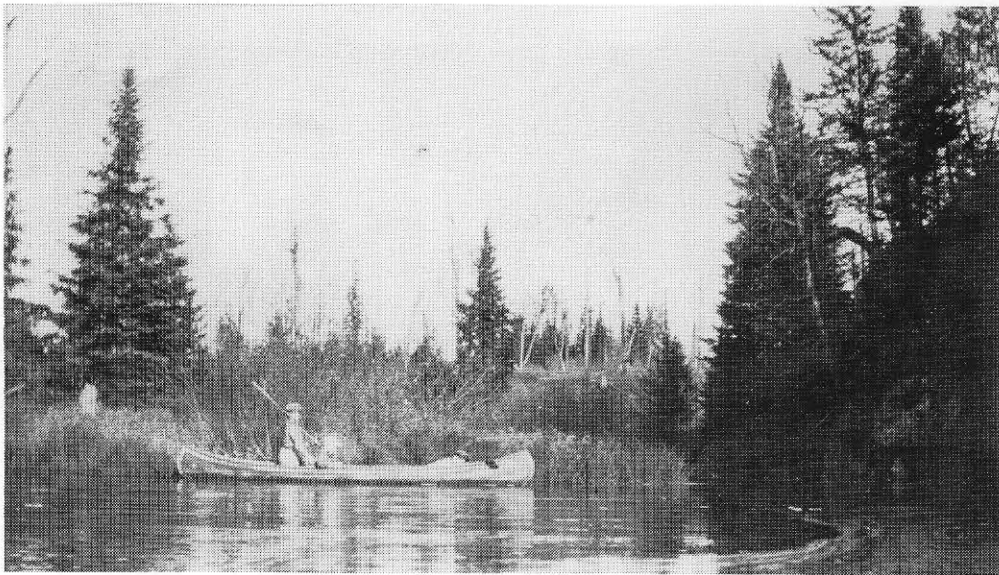
I had been away at school for five years. I had my senior matriculation and I planned to go to Teachers' College in North Bay. So the family decided to move in 1932. My dad was always away except on week-ends. We were able to rent a house in Eganville. Preparing to move after 21 years at Brule was difficult. We had to sell our horses, cows, and other animals. The horse sleds and other machinery had to be sold too. We rented the house.

On Monday, Labor Day, 1932, we (all 7) were at the station to get on the last passenger train from Parry Sound to Ottawa . . . the trestles at Cache Lake had been condemned. We sadly said goodbye to Brule and all our friends. My dad and I got off the train at Whitney. I went

to my school near Madawaska and dad went on to Eganville with the car to help the family get settled.

It was June, 1933 and my dad just told us that we were going back to Brule for the summer. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! We had the cottage at McIntosh and we rented the Barnett cottage on Brule Lake. We were hilarious. To get to Brule was difficult . . . we went to Whitney, dad took us on the gas car to Cache Lake to catch the train to Brule. At Brule we got the canoes out of storage, got food and opened the cottages for the summer. We had a wonderful summer. We did this every summer until 1937. Dr. Edmund Kase bought the cottage and he spends a lot of time there.

In the early 1950's a big fire destroyed most of Brule.



Paddling around Brule.





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